

## WORLD-WEARY.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

Wear, weary, oh, how weary  
Is she of the cold world's strife—  
Bitter, dreary, oh, how dreary  
Is the path of her life!  
Grim the phantom that purses her—  
Wee, ever night and day—  
Whispering dark words unto her—  
Chasing hope and faith away.  
  
Not a trusted friend is near here—  
In this world she stands alone—  
None to soothe her—none to cheer her—  
Wiseless, unaided, for, and unknown.  
Gazes upon the water—  
Fades her brain and will her eye—  
Breaks the prayer her mother taught her,  
And then plunges to die!

Rash the deed, but just her kindly,  
Who gave you harborage—  
Had she never lived so blindly,  
She would never thus have died.  
Rash, all her form all maimed and broken,  
Lay it gently 'neath the sod—  
Let no one word be spoken—  
Leave her falling all with God!

## ALICE BLAKE;

OB.

## THE FERRY-HOUSE MEETING.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

*Sister of "Evelina Wilson," "Galeus the Gladiator," "White Eagle, the Avenger," "Wild Nell, the Spy," "The Sexton of Saxony," etc.*

CHAPTER L

THE TRIMMER AND THE TRIMMERS.

It was about 5 o'clock on a bright July afternoon, and crowds of persons were passing each other as they passed to and from the ferries on the Fulton Ferry. Alice was hardly time for the great rush occasioned by laborious persons returning from their work in the big city to their houses in Brooklyn, to commence, and yet the throng was large enough to fill the boat comfortably.

Among the persons passing from the boat at the hour mentioned was a young girl over whose head perhaps eighteen Summers had passed.

She was a beautiful creature with large, lustrous, soft black eyes and wavy hair which clattered in curly about temples of alabaster whiteness—her features were regular, her form tall and commanding, but her face, viewed as a whole, indicated a susceptibility to passion and a lack of firmness. Attractive as she was, however, in personal appearance, her dress was that of a working girl, although it fitted her with great neatness, and gave her altogether a robust and lady-like appearance.

Instead of passing out through the gate with the noisy crowd, the girl abode to entered the ferry-house, and seating herself near the window looked out upon the bridge and fired her gaze upon the passer-by, as though she had been born to look at them.

"It is nearly six o'clock," she exclaimed with a deep sigh, as she fixed her eyes upon the fiery clock, "and I am bound to be here at five. What can have detained him? Will he come?"

She blushed as she so thoughtfully asked this question to herself and directly after she continued:

"What a dream it can be to entertain such a doubt, even for a moment!

Of course he will come; who can delay me, so much against my will?

"To the meeting. And am I right to meet him? No, master. I will not think of that now. But I wish he would come, for Hugh leaves his work at six o'clock, and what if he should see us together here?"

As she ended her soliloquy, a familiously dressed and sleek-looking youth of twenty-five entered the ferry-gate and walked directly into the ferry-house.

"My dear Alice!" he exclaimed as he walked up to the girl, took her hand in his, and gazed passionately into her face, "how kind of you to be so punctual! You are a little behind time, but the delay was unavoidable. I assure you. But we are together now, and will forever give me, I am sure!"

"I have nothing to forgive, Mr. Metten," replied the girl, in a tremulous voice, and her dark eyes gazed the ground as she spoke, while a crimson flush suffused her cheek.

"Mr. Metten! I thank the youth, in a tone of undiluted chagrin.

"Mr. Metten! Let that the way to address one who is soon to become your husband! Why, my poor little girl, what has come over you so suddenly? At one time you called me your daddy Frank, and was neither cold nor distant, now, with aered face and scarcely audible voice did you call me Metten, even though an hour from this time we are to be joined together irreversibly. What am I to do from this?"

"Forgive me, Frank! Oh, forgive me!" exclaimed the girl, in a tone of earnest pleading, as the bright tears glistened in her eyes, "you know not the wild tumult which reigns in this bosom—the struggle between love and duty which is going on, who would pity me! I cannot go with you to Frank—our marriage must be put off!"

"Again!" exclaimed the youth, with a look of mingled disappointment and spleen settled upon his handsome but sensual face, "and what is it like our union now, Metten?" returned the girl, hesitatingly.

"Hugh, though he is unaccustomed, generous, and truthful. Heaven knows I have wrung him deeply enough without telling him anything against him, and I shall always have a friendly feeling for him, let what will happen. You must not doubt, you must act—speak slightly of my friends, or I shall be angry with you."

"Well, then?" I don't, darling, it displeases you," replied the youth soothingly, as he drew the unwilling girl toward him, "but you must admit that I have reason to be your father's son for Hugh, though he is unaccustomed, generous, and truthful. Heaven knows I have wrung him deeply enough without telling him anything against him, and I shall always have a friendly feeling for him, let what will happen. You must not doubt, you must act—speak slightly of my friends, or I shall be angry with you."

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